

• + Ancient • +

Accepted Scottish Rite

OF FREEMASONRY

— LODGE # OF MORROW —

ORDER THE ASSOCIATES OF

Philadelphia Consistory

S. P.: R.: S.: 32°

— PHILADELPHIA —

Gothic Hall, Masonic Temple,

PHILADELPHIA

◀ FRIDAY EVENING JANUARY 30. ▶

* 1891 *

CEREMONIES

—IN—

Commemoration of the Dead,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

Philadelphia Consistory, S.: P.: R.: S.: 32°

Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry

Friday Evening, January 30, 1891.

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HISTORICAL.



It has been the custom since the reorganization of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, in the Valley of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to hold special services commemorative of the illustrious dead who had been members of the several bodies.

So called Lodges of Sorrow have been held at the following times and places.

On February 3d, 1868, at the Masonic Hall, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. BRO. JOHN HANOLD, *R. W. Master*.

Proceedings were published.

On March 29th, 1875, in the Corinthian Hall, New Masonic Temple, Broad Street, Philadelphia.

ANDREW ROBENO, JR., 33°, *Master*.

CHARLES E. MEYER, 33°, *Sr. Warden*. THOMAS R. PATTON, 33°, *Jr. Warden*.

The Eulogy was delivered by Rev. Joseph I. Elsegood, D.D., 32°.

Proceedings were published.

On November 29th, 1880, in Gothic Hall, New Masonic Temple, Philadelphia.

ANTHONY E. STOCKER, M.D., 33°, *Master*.

JAMES S. BARBER, 33°, *Sr. Warden*. J. FRANK KNIGHT, 32°, *Jr. Warden*.

The Eulogy was by George S. Graham, 32°.

Eulogy published in Proceedings 1882.

On February 1st, 1882, in Gothic Hall, Masonic Temple, Philadelphia.

AUGUSTUS R. HALL, 33°, *Master*.

J. FRANK KNIGHT, 32°, *Deputy Master*.

GEO. W. KENDRICK, JR., 32°, *Sr. Wrdrn.* WILLIAM F. MILLER, 32°, *Jr. Wrdrn.*

The Eulogy was delivered by Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D.D., 33°.

Proceedings and Ritual were published.

On Wednesday, February 6th, 1884, in Gothic Hall, Masonic Temple, Philadelphia.

GEORGE W. KENDRICK, JR., 32°, *Master*.

WILLIAM F. MILLER, 32°, *Deputy Master*.

LEVI B. MCCLEES, 32°, *Sr. Warden*. SAMUEL I. GIVIN, 32°, *Jr. Warden*.

Eulogy was delivered by Samuel Harper, 33°.

Proceedings were published.

On Wednesday, October 7th, 1885, in Gothic Hall, Masonic Temple, Philadelphia.

JAMES S. BARBER, 33°, *Master*.

GEORGE W. KENDRICK, JR., 32°, *Deputy Master*.

LEVI B. MCCLEES, 32°, *Sr. Warden*. SAMUEL I. GIVIN, 32°, *Jr. Warden*.

The Eulogy was delivered by Rev. A. C. Hirst, D.D., 32°.

Proceedings not published.

The Rituals of these Lodges of Sorrow were prepared by Charles E. Meyer.

The last Lodge of Sorrow was held in Gothic Hall, Masonic Temple,
Friday, January 30th, 1891.

COMMITTEE,

GEORGE W. KENDRICK, JR., 32°

LEVI B. McCLEES, 32°

AMOS H. HALL, 32°

SAMUEL I. GIVIN, 32°

WM. ALLISON COCHRAN, 32°

JOHN SARTAIN, 33°

CHARLES E. MEYER, 33°

SAMUEL W. WRAY, 33°

Musical Director,

HENRY C. WILT, 32°

Reader of Orchestra,

HENRY FEHLING, 32°

RITUAL PREPARED BY CHARLES E. MEYER, 33°

OFFICERS OF

▲ Lodge ▲ of ▲ Sorrow ▲

Master,

GEORGE W. KENDRICK, JR., 32°
Ill. Com-in-Chief Philadelphia Consistory, 32°

Deputy Master,

AMOS H. HALL, 32°
M.:W.:& P.:Master, Kilwinning Chapter of Rose Croix, 18°

Senior Warden,

SAMUEL I. GIVIN, 32°
Sov.:P.:G.:Master, DeJoinville Council, P.:of J.:16°

Junior Warden,

CHARLES CARY, 33°
P.:T.:P.:G.:Master, Philadelphia Lodge of Perfection, 14°

Chaplain,

AUGUSTUS R. HALL, 33°

Grand Masters of Ceremonies,

LEVI B. MCCLEES, 32°

W. ALLISON COCHRAN, 32°

Masters of Ceremonies,

FRANK M. HIGHLEY, 33°

CHARLES H. DOWNING, 32°

JOHN J. GILROY, 32°

ELLSWORTH H. HULTS, 32°

CHARLES W. PACKER, 32°

WILLIAM F. ENGLEHART, 32°

GEORGE B. WELLS, 32°

EDGAR FAHS SMITH, 32°

STOCKTON BATES, 32°

IRVING P. WANGER, 32°

JOSEPH P. WYMAN, 32°

JOHN H. DYE, 32°

WILLIAM H. HOSKINS, 32°

JAMES P. MALSEED, 32°

ALLEN B. RORKE, 32°

CHARLES C. WARREN, 18°

ROBERT J. LINDEN, 32°

RICHARD W. DEAVER, 32°

GEORGE HALE, 32°

RICHARD MARIS, 32°

JOHN H. CRANKSHAW, 32°

ORDER OF SERVICES.

6.30 P. M.

▲ ORGAN ▲ PRELUDE ▲

6.45 P. M.

FUNERAL MARCH, - *Chopin.* - - ORCHESTRA

Entrance of Members of the A. A. Scottish Rite of Philadelphia.

“Peace to the Memory of the Dead,” - - QUARTETTE AND ORCHESTRA

7 P. M.

OPENING OF LODGE OF SORROW.

QUARTETTE,—“God is our hope,” - - - *A. Davenport*

CEREMONIES.

QUARTETTE,—“The Lord’s my Shepherd,” - - - *Otto*

PRAYER.

BASS SOLO,—“O weep not,” - - - *H. Millard*

MASTER.

CHORAL,—Abide with me, - *Monk* - ORCHESTRA

DEPUTY MASTER.

CHORAL,—Veni Creator, - - *Barnby* - ORCHESTRA

SENIOR WARDEN.

CHORAL,—Anthem, - - *Tours* - ORCHESTRA

JUNIOR WARDEN.

CHORAL,—Anthem, - - *Mendelssohn* - ORCHESTRA

MASTER.

QUARTETTE,—“Remember now thy Creator,” - *A. J. Holden*

DEPUTY MASTER. SENIOR WARDEN. JUNIOR WARDEN.

CHORAL. PRAYER,— - *Schmid* - - ORCHESTRA.

MASTER.

CHAPLAIN.

CHANT,—“How dark the road we go,” - - - *H. M. Dow*

Ceremonies--Extinguishing the Lights.

MASTER.

CHORAL,—Andante, - - *Rink* - - ORCHESTRA.

Darkness.

SENIOR WARDEN.

CHORAL,—Devotion, - - *Dancla* - - ORCHESTRA

Decay.

JUNIOR WARDEN.

CHORAL,—“Sleep thy last Sleep,” - *Barnby* - ORCHESTRA

Dissolution.

QUARTETTE,—“There is a blessed home,” - - *D. D. Wood*

Calling of Roll of Deceased Members by Secretary.

OUR OWN DEAD.

George Branson
George Bullock
Samuel R. Blake
Capt. Emmett Crawford, U. S. A.
Samuel J. Creswell, Jr.
Charles Capelhart
William Charlton
Henry C. L. Crecelius
Dennis F. Dealy, Com. in Chief,
Daniel Deal
Samuel B. Drake
William Shields Dilkes
Rev. Thomas J. Davis
Ammon R. Eidel
Benjamin F. Ellis
Horace Fritz
Harry T. Garsed
Frank C. Garrigues
John C. Graham
John J. Heisler

J. Frank Knight 33° Com. in Chief
James A. Kirkpatrick [Elect.
Robert S. Menamin
David Mullen
Charles K. Neisser
Henry F. Prince
John Reyle
John C. Rogers
B. Frank Stokes
Michael Z. Senderling
William Shinn
Rev. Luther R. Steele
Louis Schmidt
Charles Wm. Schropp
Henry S. Taylor
Richard G. Walter
Frank H. Woodruff
William H. Walters
William D. Wetherell
John L. Young 33° P. M. W. & P. M., etc.

THE DEAD OF SUPREME COUNCIL,

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

Thomas A. Doyle 33° R. I.
Rufus W. Landon 33° Mich.
Albert Gallatin Goodall 33° N. Y.
William Sewall Gardner 33° Mass.
John Livey Lewis 33° P. Sr. Gd. Com.
Joseph David Evans 33° G. M. of S.
Aaron King 33° N. H.
Samuel Harper 33° Pa.

Geter Crosby Shidle 33° Pa.
John Woolverton 33° N. J.
John W. Simons 33° N. Y.
John Christie 33° N. H.
Franklin H. Bascom 33° Vt.
Joseph Howell Hough 33° Past, N. J.
Robert McCrosky Graham 33° N. Y.

QUARTETTE

In homes that were joyous and happy so long,
Now the dear ones we mourn with our sorrowful song.
But Anthems of praise shall our dirges become
When our voices ring out in the heavenly home.
Home, Home! sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Father, for Glory, my Home.

From the Sweetness of home will our spirits arise,
To the "home of the soul"—Sweeter Home!—in the skies!
There, there with our loved and our lost we shall meet,
And the circle of home be forever complete.
Home, home! sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Father, for Glory, my Home.

Master of Ceremonies.

MUSIC,— - - - - ORCHESTRA

MASTER.

QUARTETTE,— "Through the night air stealing." - *W. H. Gerrish*

LOW XII.

MASTER.

DIRGE. - - - *Fehling* - - - ORCHESTRA

MASTER.

Offering of Flowers.

Master, Junior Warden, Senior Warden and Deputy Master.

QUARTETTE,—“Lay him low.” - - - *S. D. Smith*

MASTER.

DUET,—“As we pass the vale.” - - - *H. Millard*

ALFRED K. GREGORY AND MARK HARMER BROOKS.

CHAPLAIN.

Ceremonies--Re-Lighting the Lights.

JUNIOR WARDEN.

HYMN.

Faith.

As distant lands beyond the sea.
When friends go thence, draw nigh;
So Heaven, when friends have thither gone,
Draws nearer from the sky.

SENIOR WARDEN.

HYMN.

Hope.

And as these lands the dearer grow,
When friends are long away,
So Heaven itself, through loved ones dead,
Grows dearer day by day.

MASTER.

HYMN.

Resurrection.

Heaven is not far from those who see
With the pure spirit's sight,
But near and in the very hearts
Of those who see aright.

CHAPLAIN.

TENOR SOLO,—“I will give you rest.” - - - *C. Pinsuti*

ALFRED K. GREGORY.

MASTER.

EULOGY.

By ALFRED TAYLOR, 32^o, Consistory of New York City.

ILLUSTRIOUS MASTER AND BRETHREN :—

The newspaper press this morning tells us that but a few hours since, many of us were in the "gold lined Home of Orpheus" seeking life's enjoyment 'mid pleasure and gaiety. The same pages made the people's heart tremulous with the record of the sudden mysterious call of the messenger of death to the servant of the Republic, Hon. William Windom, Secretary of the Nation's treasury, while addressing his countrymen on the problems of finance at the banquet of Commerce in the City, Queen on her Island throne. Kaleidoscope of life, changing as shifting sands on shore of troubled sea. But a moment since your Illustrious Master Kendrick in poetic thought spoke of the snows melting on Alpine hill and in the watery rill born from dying snow on mountain height, gift of God, mantling rugged peak and rock bound cliff, found the life-giving stream—a leaping and flowing Rhone from Geneva Sea—type of life born in throes of human death. The thoughts of your Illustrious Master we may apply in looking for the stream of life whose origin is the tomb—some flowing Rhine not over which contending armies have passed, but upon which thro' the gate-way of death, we shall on a nobler Rhine find our way to the sea of God's mercy and providence and care. This hour brings us to this scene in this hall of architectural name, worthy of the operative Mason's Art, dedicated to the speculative Mason's use, in the presence of the Grand Master of the ancient craft, in the jurisdiction of this honored Commonwealth—in the presence of the Illustrious Brethren on this platform who have lifted the upper and inner veil of the sanctuary, walk by the Ark of the Covenant and wear the honored mantle of the order—in our presence, brethren of the craft, to contemplate—The Mason dead.

Relentless, Imperious, Death—Empire universal, Enthroned, Sceptered Death Entwined in being—inseparable from life.

Whence these swinging censers with perfume sweet—these extinguished tapers—the gathering darkness—the shadow and sorrow and tear?

Whence these calls from the lips from our honored Brother Meyer, threading their way into Eternity's fathomless depths—carried as upon a receding wave to the unknown shore without echo or return?

Whence these chants soaring aloft as upon an Angel's wing—wafted away into stellar space and nebular way, the grateful homage of a brother's heart, in rythm, in poetry, in poesy and song?

Whence these flowers—beautiful as the morning—rich as the sunset glow—Emblems of purity—Garland of Grecian Altar—Wreath of Christian Shrine—fading petal and dying corrolla in decay and death giving yet holier fragrance—perfume sweeter and richer than the perfume of their life—the fragrance of their mysterious birth?

The evergreen symbol of faith—type of the Infinite morn and light and hope and love. Whence this ceremonial—these honors—these thoughts, holy as the evening hour—this impress—these symbols and teaching and truth—the relighted tapers fraught with a new revelation, the Eastern star of Messianic beauty gleaming above the darkness—the light, it's glory and beauty and strength—The Mason Dead.

In the ancient story of the God of Poetry and Song, death was induced to loose it's bands charmed by Orpheus' song. Orpheus entered the shades of the Spirit land with the muses' wand—it's harmonies lifted the veil and to him was restored the beloved wife. Death swung from it's moorings—the grave opened at the entrancing touch and it's arching way was trodden back in the triumphant step of the victor's song.

'Tis but fable. We may not call our brothers to Earth with it's trials, or back over the river guide the feet of those who have entered the silent mysteries of that Spirit land. We may not enter the shades and with the charm of the muses woo, or with harmonies of angelic chorus cast the moorings anchored over the Stygian Sea. Shall we then gather at the grave and crypt and tomb and let the muse of the poet in silence weep 'neath the ashes from the fires of disappointment and sorrow, or hang "the harp on the willow" by the rivers of Babylon and let the psalm and timbrel be silent on Euphrates' bank without note of joy or of triumph?

Away with the ashes! Away with the untuned, willow hung harp! Away from the shades, gathering shadows 'neath the willows and up out of the valley go. Walk on the hill-tops and view the land of beauty and of promise and hope. We stand by the river of death, it's waters touch our feet, but over the wondrous watery way we gather in our ken the light more radiant than song of Orpheus, and greater than the victory of Eurydice in ancient and fabled story is our triumphant view of our brother dead.

We are to-night by the side of our brethren, halting by their resting place. Out from life and it's activity, communing with death and it's certainty. They have bowed to the immutable decree. We sorrow, and 'tis well—we mourn, and 'tis but part of Nature's law. Our brothers sleep—"silent as night and as deep"—the memory of their lives locked up in loving hearts—holier shrine—memorial more lasting than towering shaft that tells the story of life or crumbling mausoleum that enshrines them in death. The chords of Association we hold but in memory's grasp. O, kindly Memory! O, fond Recollection! Come with us by the Shrouded, Confined, Sepulchered dead.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial ground God's Acre. It is just;
It consecrates each grave within it's walls,
And breathes a benison over the sleeping dust.

How with tender step we walk in hallowed way of Churchyard glebe?

"No spot on earth but has supplied a grave—"
"And human skulls the spacious Ocean pave."

To us all there is a sacred mound that marks the resting place of those called to the mysterious way. 'Tis hallowed glebe—'tis honored field. You my brethren have hallowed field and sainted stream, where the flowers of life have withered and died—where rippling waters sound as a vesper hymn, your requiem of sorrow. Yon flowing Schuylkill, to me, is sainted stream, for it's waters bathe the banks where lie confined hope and sepulchered love in beautitude of Churchyard rest: the sun that gilds it's limpid wave greets the tomb of wife and child. The silent city is the Nation's mecca linked to friend and kith and kin. The memories most hallowed—the associations cherished and honored—the thoughts holiest and purest of the Nation's life gather above the billows green of the Churchyard sea.

What associations are those which cluster around the sacred shades of Macpelah. "Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Macpelah in the land of Canaan. I will lie with my fathers—carry me out of Egypt and bury me in their burying place." How it shadows forth the Eternal reunion of it's silent sleepers! The Hebraic desire to lie in Family burial ground has circled the world. The centuries have garnered it in their keeping. The peoples of Earth believe in the perpetuation of Earthly ties—their Macpelah's cave survives the dissolution of the tomb. Not in shady dell, nor ancient Churchyard midst monuments of marble, *but by your side*, points to the perpetuation of love—the final reunion in the City of the Eternal God.

Reunion—the annals of dynasties and empires record it; the histories of peoples, Pagan and Jew and Christian testify it. The

Egyptian mummy and embalmed dead came from belief that body until decay was the resting place of soul, and the transmigration of that race was their idea of a reunited immortality. Homer, through the centuries has sung in Grecian Poetry of the "shadowy land," and in the shades of the dead found the living soul. Socrates to the fatal cup condemned, views his journey as means of converse with Orpheus and Homer and the heroes of his cultured and classic land. Cicero on Roman forum, and Virgil with plaintive pen, as with prescience of Sibyl tongue, viewed the "verdant fields" beyond the gloomy and cheerless shade. The Hindoo widow, that she might hasten to association in happier days in spacious halls of Brahma, mounts her husband's funeral pyre. That sacrificial Hindoo Altar—ghastly and misguided—is nevertheless, token of Pagan hope. The human victim sacrificed at death of Chief was that they might attend him they were wont to honor. The savage—the uncivilized of earth, by the "waters of captivity" look beyond the mountains which skirt their horizon to resume the accustomed pleasures of the chase and dance, while the Indian of the Western wild stretches forth his hands with joy to the abundant blossoms of the prairie beyond.

We are Masons. Come, let us sit together "under the moaning but evergreen Cypress" and commune with the departed. Draw softly down into the "quiet border land, along the valley of the shadow of death," Take up type and symbol and ceremonial and view the Mason Dead. Come into the solitude and silence and mystery and in the Mason's light and by the Mason's symbol, let us wait and watch and know. Can we not view the stars which Chaldean shepherds saw and in the Mason's Lodge stand beneath the crystal choir that sung at Creation's birth? Does not the prismatic beauty of the arching bow, gleam and glow and glisten in the home of the Ancient Craft? Does not our Tyler turn the Lethean waters and is not the engulfing stream that in resistless march passes the Tyler's sword and enters our portals, sweetened and chastened by the Mason's teaching and truth?

I am a free-born man. The Mason's latch string lies dumb and silent, the door openeth not, neither is the sound of my knocking heard. I stand on the basic, primal foundation stone and fervently I add: I believe in God—one ever living true Eternal God—who cosmos from chaos spoke—was and is from everlasting to everlasting—Creator, Ruler, Judge, Infinite, Supreme, Eternal. My *vade Mecum*.

There is life within—my knock is heard—the doors swing open and I stand on the threshold of Masonry. With outstretched hand you receive me, and "In trust in Him" there is revealed before me the Masonic pathway. I walk the ground floor of the

temple, advance to the middle chamber and "raised" in typic life to the sublime degree—I am a Mason.

"Each man's chimney," says the poet,
"Is his Golden Milestone."

"The central point from which he measures every distance through the gateway of the world around him."

Thus has the poet laid the tribute upon the domestic hearth-stone.

I stand at the Altar of Masonry. 'Tis my golden milestone from which in the presence of the open Bible—the great light in Masonry—I move in the activities of life around me and view the open tomb before me. I stand erect. I am of an order in whose ceremonial I bowed only in presence of God. We invite to enter here the Christian, the Jew, the Moslem—all men who believe in the one Omnipotent, Omnipresent God by whose universal law are Harmony and Being. Each absolutely sovereign in his own belief, and between us God alone can rightfully decide. I do not speak as Christian teacher or Jewish Priest or Moslem Prophet. I dare not wear the mitre of Priesthood or assume the sanctity of the sacerdotal robe. I am speaking as a Mason to Masons from the platform of Masonry in the Consistorial Chamber of the Ancient Accepted Rite. We search for Light and Truth. In form and ceremony, we display Emblem and Symbol. We do not forsake the active ways of life. We journey with the human kind. Justice, Equality, Temperance, Prudence, Fortitude, Fraternity are tenets of Masonry. I want the environment of the body, the appetites, passions, desires of the world, its pleasures and burdens, its labors, its defeats and triumphs. Over me I want no mantle of Masonic Charity, broad or narrow, in the sense sometimes expressed, to hide wrong and injustice, hideous deformity or unmanly act. But I do want that mantle that shields me from wrong, that teaches me right and justice to my fellows, that charity not quick to evil report that sees in me a man and brother. Take not from me appetite and passion and desire and bid me be good—too useless to live—too insipid to die. Take not from me strength and vigor of mind or body that I may not harm my fellows in the activities of the world, but let the Mason's square and level plumb-line and trowel fashion and mould and set the Ashlars that from quarries of Zarthan I bring and place in the Temple of Life. Teach me not the ways of the sluggard that I may my brothers charity know, but let me feel the grasp of fraternal hand, the blood tingling in his veins, leaping, jumping from throbbing heart, that in the struggle of life helps me in its pathway—the sympathy, the kindness, the fraternity that gives the cloud its silver lining and robes the valley and mountain with grateful sheen. That's Masonry's humanity.

Our brethren knew it's human side. They were human. As they erred they were but like us, and like us all erring need repentance.

“To err, is human,
“To forgive, Divine.

They held the working tools, labored in the quarries, fashioned the timbers and with square and compasses met their brethren in the highway of human life. In fidelity to duty, in unswerving principle in marts of trade, on the forum, in workshop and exchange they imitated the example of fortitude and fidelity. They met in Lodge whose covering is the clouded canopy or starry decked heavens, in an order whose supports are wisdom and strength and in the Ineffable and Chivalric degrees have worn the laurel, emblem of victory, the olive, symbol of peace, and have buckled the armor of it's chivalry and truth. The tendrils of human affection that make the world more beautiful have twined their lives in our keeping. They die. What a Gethsemane of hallowed recollections, yet what a Pentecost of delicious prophetic hope. Unroll the scroll—pin it as with a star—and look into the azure blue of the firmament of Masonry. Is there no setting there—no bands of Orion or sweet influence of the Pleiades?

Masonry is not religion. Nor does it, nor can it, nor should it take the place of any. As we do not require, so we do not teach creedal faith. But “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not; or ever the silver cord be loosed or the golden bowl be broken. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.”

Symbol and Emblem we do not interpret. Type and Ceremonial are as the soil from which the flower and fruitage are to grow. We are to cultivate the garden, that sunshine and moisture in fruitful soil by Alchemy Divine, shall fructify and bear fruit to the Spirit that moved on the surface of the waters at Creation's birth taught us in our early lesson “Let there be Light.” Build we, as 'tis our right and duty our edifice of faith and creed. We have represented inflexible integrity in fidelity to duty—'twas the drama of life. We laid in the mimic grave on the hill-side of the oriental mount—'twas the drama of death. Under the sod deep and dark we might have lain without the typification of life. But at the head of our grave was the evergreen Acacia—Type of the Infinite Morn. To me, to most of you, 'tis the typification of the Deity Incarnate—the Son of God—Jesus the Christ, and points to the tragedy on Calvary—to the Cross, centre of religion and culture and power. A vast multitude yet wait for the Messiah. The type to them points to the sacrifice on Jewish Altars slain, and with reverent hope and faith they wait for the coming Redeemer. To

others it points as is their faith, be it Mediator, Prophet, Priest. But to us all—it is type of the Resurrection and Immortal life. By what right lay we in the Mason's mimic grave without belief in immortal life? Out from that type our faith may separate—our creed may differ, but it leads to the one Father—the one Immortality—the one Eternal and cloudless day.

We do not suspend plumb-line from apex built by human hands, but anchored to the Mercy seat, along whose towering pathway as directed by the faith we draw from the Mason's symbol, we may mount to our Father's throne. The twenty-four inch gauge divides not only our time for duties of earth, but also sets apart service to God. Our Mosaic pavement, representative of the ground floor of the Temple of Solomon, is emblematical *only* of human life, but the blessings yet to be drawn in reliance on Providence Divine, is represented by the blazing star of its centre. The weeping maiden, by broken column reading the book of memory, *'tis true*, holds the urn with mortal remains—yet held aloft is the evergreen Sprig triumphing over Time—chiseled in marble by the grave of the widow's son. The pillar of Enoch—raised from the world in the Ineffable degree is prelude to the "Elysian Fields" of the Knight of the Rose Croix. The spotless Apron—the Mason's first investiture in the Entered Apprentice degree, finds fitting climax in the consummation of the Scottish Rite when Infinite Spirit of Light and Life is sought like Shelter of Eagle's outstretched wings, and in taking on the Armor we acknowledge—

Unto Thee, Great God, belong
Mystic Rites and Sacred song

As true as the needle to the pole—as certain, there can be no shadow without the light—as resistless as course of yon flowing Delaware to the waiting and open sea—as true as it is that Masonry teaches kindness and humanity—so in its symbology and rite it leads us to the Lodge whose tyler is death—whose Orient in immortality is the Great White Throne—whose "verdant fields" are the green pastures by the waters of life beyond the mountains of our horizon—whose "Prairies" yield abundant blossoms,

"Emeralds green as the grass that grows,
"And rubies red as the heart of rose."

O! my departed brethren. I see the broken hearth-stone—the desolate fireside—the circle severed of a manhood's home. I see the tears of children—the convulsive sobs from broken heart of sorrowing wife. God, pity the widow and fatherless—shield and protect mother and babe—soothe the mother's heart—dry the orphan's tears. I hear the funeral dirge—sad requiem of departed friend. I see the tapers burning low—the hearse, the coffin, the sepulchre and all the sad trappings of approach to the realms of shade. We feel the

sorrow and sadness and desolation on earth, and by your side we have sympathy and sorrow and pitying tear. We see the sunset fading into night—but 'tis the night followed by morn in "russet mantle clad." In the East towards which your steps in Masonry led, are the gates opened to the brightness and glory of Eternal Day. IN YOUR GRAVE--IN YOUR TOMB--IN YOUR SEPULCHRE, MY BRETHREN--LIKE RISING SUN BREAKING THE BARS OF NIGHT--IS THE LIGHT--VESTAL FIRE LIT ON ALTAR OF MASONRY--INCENSE FRAGRANT TO THE MASON'S GOD.

O, Masonry! Thy origin is in the gray dawn of the long ago--thou hast centuries in thy keeping--thy feet have trodden the continents and the isles of the sea--king and peasant in every zone, in every clime, have peered into thy mystic rite. At thy Altar in the midst of thy symbols and in thy light, Jew and Gentile, Greek and Roman, rich and poor, can kneel in the common obligations of the order, and stand upon the level in the Equality of the Craft--from it the Christian to his temple--the Jew to his Synagogue--may go and seek in their separate faith the God whom all thy votaries promise to adore.

O, Mason! Workman in the quarry and temple, you have seen the wondrous beauty of the temple grow under the skillful hands of the widow's son. In your hands are the working tools of the Craft. Handle not the square that squares alone Earthward but see that it adjusts the Ashlars from quarries of Zarthan, the timbers from Forests of Lebanon, to the temple of an Eternal life. Let your plumb-line mark foundations that withstand the tempest and the storm. Set your compasses to measure not only time, but to span Eternity. Practice the humanity of your beloved order--feel it's kinship--know it's fraternity--but if to the true and genuine basic foundation of the Masonic Craft you go, my brethren out of the mystic rite must come the fruitage--even the fruitage of the tree of life.

QUARTETTE,—"Nearer, My God, to Thee,"

[All the Brethren will unite in singing.]

Closing Ceremonies.

"Lead Kindly Light."	-	<i>Dykes</i>	-	-	QUARTETTE
MUSIC,—"Gloria."	-	<i>Andre</i>	-	-	ORCHESTRA

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